

Production No. 8F03

The Simpsons

"BART THE MURDERER"

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20TH CENTURY FOX TELEVISION  
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FINAL DELIVERY

Date 4/5/91

**"BART THE MURDERER"**

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER  
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH  
FAT TONY.....JOE MANTEGNA  
NEIL PATRICK HARRIS.....HIMSELF  
SKINNER.....HARRY SHEARER  
WIGGUM.....HANK AZARIA  
MILHOUSE.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
NELSON.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
RALPH.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
LEWIS.....JO ANN HARRIS  
MRS. KRABAPPEL.....MARCIA WALLACE  
GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE....DAN CASTELLANETA  
RICHARD.....JO ANN HARRIS  
REVEREND LOVEJOY.....HARRY SHEARER  
KENT BROCKMAN.....HARRY SHEARER  
LIONEL HUTZ.....PHIL HARTMAN  
BURNS' LAWYER.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
TROY MCCLURE.....PHIL HARTMAN  
EXECUTIVE.....HARRY SHEARER

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LEGS.....HANK AZARIA  
LOUIE.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
JOEY.....PHIL HARTMAN  
RACE ANNOUNCER.....HARRY SHEARER  
REPORTER.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
DELIVERYMAN.....HANK AZARIA  
JACK LARSON.....HARRY SHEARER  
RIVAL GANG LEADER.....PHIL HARTMAN  
SECRETARY.....JO ANN HARRIS  
PSYCHIC.....PAMELA HAYDEN  
SKINNER BODY.....HARRY SHEARER  
GUARD.....HANK AZARIA  
VOICE FROM BACK.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
JUDGE.....HARRY SHEARER  
POLICEMAN.....DAN CASTELLANETA  
TV ANNOUNCER.....HARRY SHEARER  
F.B.I. AGENT #1.....HANK AZARIA  
F.B.I. AGENT #2.....HARRY SHEARER  
PROSECUTING ATTORNEY....HARRY SHEARER

BART THE MURDERER

By

John Swartzwelder

ACT ONE

**FADE IN:**

**INT. BART'S BEDROOM - MORNING**

Bart is sleeping with a contented smile on his face. The **ALARM** goes off and he wakes up. He seems very cheerful.

BART

Good morning world!

He hops out of bed, stubbing his toe hard.

BART (CONT'D)

Ow!

He exits, still cheerful, **WHISTLING** and limping slightly.

**INT. SIMPSON DINING ROOM**

Bart **WHISTLES** and limps into the dining room where Lisa is eating a bowl of "Jackie-O's" with a picture of Jackie Onassis on the box. It reads: "Free stretch pants inside."

BART

Good morning Lisa!

LISA

What are you so happy about?

Bart goes to the cupboard and looks through the available cereals as he speaks. He pulls out a box of Chocolate Frosted Frosty Krusty Flakes, which has Krusty on the box saying: "Only sugar has more sugar!"

BART

Why shouldn't I be happy? It's a  
beautiful day, my homework is done,  
I've got my mojo workin' and we're  
going on a field trip this afternoon.

Bart sits down at the table and pours himself some cereal.  
He looks at the front of the box and reads about the prize  
inside.

BART (CONT'D)

And... it looks like I've got me a  
genuine glow-in-the-dark police  
badge.

Bart digs his hand into the box and feels around, spilling  
flakes over the top. After a moment some of his joy of  
life fades.

BART (CONT'D)

Hey! It's not in here. You stole  
it!

LISA

\*

(WITH SCORN) No one wants your stupid  
police badge, Bart.

Homer strolls in, adjusting his tie and police badge.

HOMER

Hey, look what I got. A genuine  
official police badge...(OFFICIOUSLY)  
Calling all cars... come out with  
your hands up!

BART

Hey, that's my badge Homer.

HOMER

That's Officer Homer. Heh heh heh.

Bart gets up from the table and heads up the stairs, limping and GRUMBLING.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

BART

(UNDER BREATH)... Lousy prize-  
grabbing... badge-wearing...

(SCREAMS)

On the floor, Santa's Little Helper is chewing up Bart's homework.

BART

You ate my homework?

Santa's Little Helper wags his tail happily. He sure did!

BART (CONT'D)

I didn't know dogs really did that.

Santa's Little Helper COUGHS up a piece of Bart's homework. It reads: "9 x 9 = 100."

EXT. BUS STOP - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Bart races up to the bus stop just as the doors close. From the back of the bus Lisa waves smugly to Bart a la "the French Connection" as the bus PULLS AWAY. Bart starts walking to school. The sky clouds up immediately and it starts RAINING buckets.

EXT. ROAD ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL

Bart is thoroughly drenched. His notebook swells to three times its normal size. Several cars and a eighteen-wheel truck ROAR past him, SPLASHING him with water.

EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - A HALF HOUR LATER

Bart finally gets to school. The second he enters the school grounds the rain stops, the sky clears, and a spectacular rainbow appears.

BART

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

**INT. BART'S CLASSROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

Bart **SQUELCHES** into his class and starts to sit down in his seat.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Bart Simpson! You're late! Go fill out a tardy slip.

BART

But I'm only... (LOOKS UP AT CLOCK)... ... five... ten... twenty... forty minutes? That's pretty damn late.

Bart **SQUELCHES** back out into the hall as the other kids **GIGGLE**.

**EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - RECESS**

Bart is showing off on the monkey bars for the benefit of a bunch of girls.

BART

Hey girls! Look at me!

He does a "skin-the-cat" and his pants split wide open. The girls explode into **HIGH-PITCHED GIGGLES**. Bart's face reddens and he quickly gets down from the monkey bars.

BART (CONT'D)

You can stop looking at me now.

A kickball hits Bart in the eye. Bart walks away as fast as he can holding his pants together with one hand and his eye with the other.

INT. LUNCHROOM - NOON

In a secluded portion of the entrance to the lunchroom - unseen by lunchroom monitors - Nelson and his two goons are holding up kids for their lunch money. He lets the cool kids pass unmolested and stops the real nerdy kids by blocking the door with his arm.

NELSON

(LOOKING OVER EACH KID BRIEFLY)...

Okay, you're cool, you can go...

(SHARP) Hey! Wendell! Gimme your lunch money... (FRIENDLY) How ya doin?... (TO MARTIN)... Fork it over wuss (LAUGHS)... go on through, you're all right...

Bart arrives at the front of the line. His left eye is blackened. His nose is up in the air with a wad of toilet paper in the left nostril to stop the bleeding. His butt is hanging out of his pants. Water is leaking out of his shoes. Nelson looks Bart over briefly.

NELSON (CONT'D)

Gimme your lunch money.

BART

(OFFENDED) Hey, Nelson I thought we were friends.

NELSON

(SINCERELY APOLOGETIC) Sorry Bart. I never noticed what a geek you were. Gimme your lunch money.

Bart thinks about this, nods sadly, hands over the money, then turns and limps out of the lunchroom.



**INT. BART'S CLASSROOM - AFTER LUNCH**

Mrs. Krabappel finishes erasing long division problems from the blackboard, turns to the class and smiles.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Well, it's nearly one o'clock. And  
you know what that means.

All the kids **CHEER**.

MRS. KRABAPPEL (CONT'D)

That's right. It's time for our  
field trip to the chocolate factory.  
I trust you all remembered to bring  
your permission slips.

BART

(LONG SCREAM)

**FLASH PAN:**

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S BEDROOM**

We see the permission slip sticking out from underneath his pillow.

**FLASH PAN:**

**INT. BART'S CLASSROOM**

Bart slumps his head.

**EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS BUS STOP**

Kids from the second, third, and fourth grades are happily piling onto a fleet of buses, **CHATTERING** about how much chocolate they're going to eat.

LISA

I'm going to eat **EIGHT** pieces of  
chocolate.

RALPH

I'm gonna eat chocolate till I barf.

INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE

PULL BACK to Bart sadly watching the kids leaving from Principal Skinner's office window. Skinner walks up behind Bart.

SKINNER

(JOVIAL) Don't worry, Bart, we'll  
find something fun for you to do.

Skinner notices a huge box of envelopes.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

Ah! Here we are! Here's a whole box  
of unsealed envelopes for the PTA.

BART

(DOUBTFULLY) You're making me lick  
envelopes?

SKINNER

\*

Oh, licking envelopes can be fun!  
All you have to do is make a game of  
it.

BART

(DUBIOUS) What kind of game?

SKINNER

\*

Well... for example... you could see  
how many you can lick in an hour, and  
then try to break that record.

BART

Sounds like a pretty crappy game to  
me.

SKINNER

Yes... well... get started.

Bart takes an envelope out of the box and starts licking  
it.

**EXT. THE "AH FUDGE!" CHOCOLATE FACTORY IN SHELBYVILLE**

The kids happily pile off the buses and enter the chocolate  
factory. We see COCOA BEANIE, a smiling cocoa bean mascot  
with a beanie on his head.

MILHOUSE

Oh my god. It's Cocoa Beanie  
himself.

LISA

\*

(TO JANEY) I think this is something  
Bart would really have enjoyed.  
(SIGHS) But it's the only way he'll  
learn.

**INT. CHOCOLATE FACTORY ORIENTATION ROOM**

The kids are being shown an orientation film. This film is  
hosted by washed-up actor TROY MCCLURE.

TROY MCCLURE

Welcome to the chocolate factory.  
I'm Troy McClure. You probably  
remember me from such films as "The  
Revenge of Abe Lincoln" and "The  
Wackiest Covered Wagon in the West."  
The history of chocolate starts with  
the ancient Aztecs.

CLOSE UP OF FILM

An AZTEC, resembling the Cleveland Indians logo, is holding  
an Ah Fudge! chocolate bar.

TROY MCCLURE (V.O. CONT'D)

In those days, instead of being  
wrapped in a hygienic package,  
chocolate was wrapped in a tobacco  
leaf.

The chocolate bar turns into something closely resembling a  
cigar.

TROY MCCLURE (V.O. CONT'D)

And instead of being pure chocolate  
like we have today, it was mixed with  
shredded tobacco. And they didn't  
eat it. They smoked it.

The Aztec smokes the cigar and seems pleased.

INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE

Skinner, who is doing some paperwork, looks up and smiles  
amiably as Bart licks his 85th envelope.

SKINNER

You didn't believe me when I said it  
would be fun, did you?

BART

(TONGUE SWOLLEN) No thir.

Bart looks up at the clock. We see the second hand pause  
for a very long time, then advance one, with a **CLICK**, then  
pause for a very long time again, then goes backward one,  
with a **CLICK**.

BART

(MOANS)

**INT. CHOCOLATE FACTORY - CHOCOLATE ROOM**

The kids are running uncontrollably around the main floor  
of the factory, pulling levers, having tug of wars with  
chocolate taffy, eating things they find on the floor, etc.  
For some reason, one of the smallest kids is now naked.  
The teachers are halfheartedly trying to keep the kids  
under control.

KIDS

(ECSTATIC) Yayyyyyyyyy!!!!!!

A number of kids, including Milhouse and Nelson are leaning  
over the railing of a huge vat of chocolate. Milhouse  
leans a little too far and his glasses fall in.

MILHOUSE

My glasses.

Several other kids lean over to see where the glasses went  
and all kinds of junk falls out of their pockets into the  
chocolate. A few kids dip their hands into the chocolate  
and lick their fingers. Suddenly a kid surfaces from the  
bottom of the vat.

EXECUTIVE

Please, kids, play sanitary.

The kids ignore him. In another part of the factory Cocoa  
Beanie has fallen on his back and a kid is furiously  
kicking him.

**INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE - SAME TIME**

Bart is licking his two thousandth envelope. He sees a small bowl of hard candy on Skinner's desk. He reaches for a piece and his hand is **SLAPPED** by Skinner.

**INT. CHOCOLATE FACTORY - CHOCOLATE ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Milhouse and Nelson are floating on their backs in the middle of the vat.

MILHOUSE

Bart would have loved this.

NELSON

Man, you're living in the past.

Bart's not here and there's nothing  
we can do about it. We've got to get  
on with our lives.

MILHOUSE

You're right.

Nelson spouts chocolate out of his mouth.

**INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER**

Bart finishes licking the last envelope. His tongue is swollen and useless. We HEAR the sound of **SANDPAPER AGAINST WOOD**. The clock says one minute to three.

BART

Tan Die Doe Dow?

SKINNER

What?

Bart picks up a piece of paper and writes out "Can I go now?"

BART (CONT'D)

(AS HE WRITES EACH WORD) Tan...

Die.... Doe... Dow.

He hands the paper to Skinner. Skinner reads it, frowning.  
He looks up at the clock.

SKINNER

\*

Hmm... Well there's still a minute to  
go.... oh, why not! But don't you  
tell your teacher I let you go home  
early. Heh heh heh.

BART

Die don't.

Bart gets up and heads for the door. As he opens it, the  
**BELL RINGS**, signalling the end of school.

**EXT. SCHOOL - BUS STOP**

Bart sadly gets on his skateboard and starts to head home.  
It immediately starts to **RAIN BUCKETS** again.

**EXT. DOWNTOWN SPRINGFIELD STREET**

Bart is on his skateboard, not even trying to avoid being  
splashed by the school buses that are passing by. The  
skateboard goes out of control with Bart on it. Bart  
**TUMBLES** down a stairwell to a door marked "The Legitimate  
usinessman's Social Club".

BART (CONT'D)

\*

(SCREAMS) Uh.. oh... uh.. ah... son  
of a -- b --

**AT BOTTOM OF STAIRS**

Bart is lying flat on his back

BART

(SADLY) What next?

Suddenly a dozen .38 revolvers are pointed in Bart's  
direction.

SFX: TRIGGERS BEING CLICKED

BART

Uh-oh.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

**FADE IN:**

Over the shot of the gangsters pointing guns at Bart we parody the crawl from the original "Scarface."

**INT. "THE LEGITIMATE BUSINESSMAN'S SOCIAL CLUB" -  
CONTINUOUS**

The club is dimly lit and dangerous looking. There are a couple of card tables, a bar, a slot machine in the corner etc. The wall behind the bar has pictures of MAYOR QUIMBY, SINATRA, NIXON, HOFFA, and KRUSTY, all posing with gangsters. There is also a very old picture of a gangster posing with ROMMEL. Rommel looks nervous. One of the gangsters, FAT TONY gets up and walks over to the MEN who are pointing guns at Bart.

FAT TONY

Hey, what's with the kid?

Bart squirms.

BART

Hands off the material!

LEGS

Whaddaya know! The kid's tough.

LOUIE

He's got spunk.

Fat Tony looks at Bart thoughtfully, then holds out a copy of the Daily Racing News. Bart is still struggling to get loose.

FAT TONY

I wonder if he is lucky also. Pick a  
horse, kid. Shelbyville Downs.  
Third race. Make it a good one.

BART

Eat my shorts.

FAT TONY

Eat my shorts. Ah, okay. Let's see... (LOOKS AT RACING FORM, THEN, ANGRY:) Heyy... Wait a minute, you little punk! Eat My Shorts is in the fifth race. I said the third race!

BART

Don't have a cow.

Fat Tony looks at Bart's choice, then yells to JOEY, who is chain-smoking next to an old dirty wall phone.

FAT TONY

\*

Hmm... "Don't have a cow" in the third. Put a deuce on him.

Joey nods and SAYS SOMETHING into the phone.

FAT TONY (CONT'D)

(TO BART) While we are waiting to see how lucky you are, let me show you around. This is our bar, and over there is our slot machine and card tables....

BART

Cool!

JOEY

(CALLING) Hey Boss! Here's the call for the third race.

Joey turns up an old radio at the bar.

RACE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...As they come out of the turn it's  
"Sufferin Succotash" by a neck over  
"Yabbadabbadoo." Two lengths back to  
"Ain't I a Stinker" and "That's All  
Folks." "I Yam What I Yam" can see  
them all. But here comes  
"Donhavacow" flyin' on the outside.  
And at the wire it's all  
"Donhavacow!"

FAT TONY

\*

Hey, I like this kid. I can't  
believe we were gonna shoot him.  
(PINCHES HIS CHEEK) Can you mix  
drinks?

BART

I don't know.

LEGS

(CALLING) I'll have a manhattan.

FAT TONY

Make Legs a manhattan.

BART

I'm not sure I...

They all pull their guns on Bart, in the same shot that ended Act I. He sees a stained, partially torn, cocktail chart on the wall behind the bar. Bart nervously looks at the directions for making a manhattan and quickly mixes one. Legs tastes it.

FAT TONY

(TO LEGS) Well?

LEGS

Supoib.

Fat Tony tousles Bart's hair. Bart beams.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER**

Bart has just arrived home and is hanging up his lucky cap.

MARGE

You got a job? Doing what?

BART

Oh... I dunno... mixing drinks,  
picking horses, cutting cigars... you  
know -- a job.

MARGE

\*

(CONCERNED) Bart, your father and I  
don't want you doing that. (BEAT)  
Homer, say something.

HOMER

(CONCERNED) How much does it pay?

BART

(PROUDLY) Thirty bucks a week.

HOMER

Pfft. I make more than that.

**MONTAGE**

We HEAR "Be My Baby," by the Ronettes.

## 1) INT. CLUB

Bart serves drinks as the gangsters play cards. When a gangster takes a drink, he stuffs some money in Bart's shirt. Bart looks at one gangster's hand. He has four aces and a king. Bart looks at another gangster's hand: he has five aces. Bart looks at Fat Tony's hand: he has six aces including the ace of stars and the ace of anchors. On the table is a pile of discarded aces.

## 2) INT. CLUB

The gangsters are reading the racing form. Through the frosted glass window on the door we see the silhouette of Bart's head. Bart **KNOCKS** five times in a special rhythm. The gangsters pull their guns. Bart **KNOCKS** once more -- they relax and put their guns away as Bart walks in with a bag of groceries.

## 3) INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM

Marge is doing the laundry. She empties Bart's pockets and finds several hundred dollar bills.

BART

I was lookin' for those. Thanks,  
doll.

MARGE

\*

(MURMURS)

## 4) INT. THE CLUB

"Be My Baby" has **ENDED**. Bart and the gangsters are watching the TV over the bar. It is an Itchy & Scratchy cartoon.

ON TV

TITLE CARD: "THE SOUNDS OF SILENCERS"

ITCHY, dressed like a policeman, has lined up **SEVEN TOUGH-LOOKING CATS** against a brick garage wall. Itchy pulls out a Thompson submachine gun and **PUMPS HUNDREDS OF BULLETS** into the cats. The bloody cats crawl around like half-dead soldiers at Chickamauga. Itchy turns and winks at the camera. He **FIRES** his gun **REPEATEDLY**, spelling out "THE END" on the wall, with the "D" on a staggering cat. Iris in. The end.

**BACK TO BART AND THE GANGSTERS**

They are **LAUGHING**.

FAT TONY

It's funny because it's true.

LEGS

(WIPING HIS EYES) Well obsoived.

**5) INT. CLUB - DAY**

Gangsters are playing cards. Bart is pouring champagne into a tower of glasses, a la Raging Bull. **POLICE CHIEF WIGGUM BURSTS** through the door.

FAT TONY

Chief Wiggum, you honor us with your presence.

WIGGUM

Baloney. I'm not going to rest until one of us is behind bars -- You!

(BEAT) You wouldn't happen to know anything about a cigarette truck that got hijacked on route 401?

FAT TONY

What's a truck?

WIGGUM

Don't play dumb with me!

FAT TONY

Relax Chief, you seem tense. You know, the boy here makes an excellent manhattan.

Fat Tony motions to Bart to make the drink. The chief takes the drink.

WIGGUM

\*

Ah... I'm still going to put you  
away, you know.

FAT TONY

I'm rootin' for ya, Chief.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - HALLWAY/BART'S ROOM**

Homer walks down the hall and passes Bart's room. It is  
packed, floor to ceiling, wall to wall with cartons of  
Laramie cigarettes.

HOMER

(GASPS)... Bart! Have you started  
smoking?

BART

No.

HOMER

Don't lie to me boy.

Homer opens a carton and takes out a pack of cigarettes.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Aha! Cigarettes, just as I thought.

BART

They're not mine. My boss said his  
warehouse was full.

HOMER

Yeah, right. Son... I'm going to teach you a lesson. (STICKING CIGARETTE IN BART'S MOUTH) I'm going to stand here and watch you smoke every one of those cigarettes. Then maybe you'll learn...

A DELIVERY MAN appears in the door. He wears a jacket that says, "Straight and Narrow Storage Company." The logo is a hand giving the "Okay" sign.

DELIVERY MAN \*

Uh... Fat Tony sent me over to pick up the goods.

BART \*

Right in here my man.

The Delivery man notices the cigarette in Bart's mouth.

DELIVERY MAN \*

Hey kid, you look good with that cigarette. Kind of sophisticated.

Homer takes the cigarette out of Bart's mouth.

HOMER

(EMBARRASSED) Son, I'll never doubt you again.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM**

Bart, Lisa and Homer are watching the news on television, without much interest. Lisa is mostly doing her homework. Bart is buffing his nails and looking at his new pinky ring. Homer is drinking a beer and staring at the set with dead eyes.



BROCKMAN (V.O.)

\*

The contents of the hijacked truck:  
some twelve thousand cartons of  
Laramie 100's.

Camera MOVES IN on Homer's face. He continues to stare blankly.

ON TV

We see Police Chief Wiggum having a press conference. The REPORTERS MURMUR among themselves.

\*

WIGGUM

\*

(TRYING TO CALM EVERYONE) We have...  
uh... Please, we have a number of  
leads. And let me assure all you  
smokers out there... there is no  
shortage of cigarettes.

REPORTER (V.O.)

(SHOUTING FROM THE BACK) How do we  
know that?

WIGGUM

\*

All right, let me refer that question  
back to Jack Larson, of Laramie  
Tobacco Products. Jack?

A SMOOTH CHARACTER smiles up to the microphone.

JACK LARSON

\*

Thank you Chief. Folks, I'm pleased to announce that a new truckload of Laramies with their smooth good taste and rich tobacco flavor is already heading towards Springfield. And the driver has been instructed to ignore all stop signs and crosswalks.

There is a **CHEER** from the reporters.

BROCKMAN

The police suspect the involvement of reputed mobster William "Fat Tony" Williams.

Behind Brockman we see a mortise of Fat Tony, hiding his face behind handcuffed arms.

**ON BART AND LISA**

They put down the things they were reading and stare at the television.

**ON HOMER**

He's still staring blankly. He **SIPS** his beer.

**ON TV**

WIGGUM

\*

Fat Tony is a cancer on this fair city. He is the cancer and I am the... uh... (ASIDE)... what cures cancer?

**BACK TO SCENE**

Bart and Lisa look at each other, amazed.

LISA

Bart, is your boss a crook?

BART

(SHAKEN) I don't think so. Although  
it would explain an awful lot.

INT. CLUB - NEXT DAY

Bart is watching as the deliveryman brings the cartons of Laramies into the club. Fat Tony approaches, carrying a gift.

FAT TONY

Me and the boys wish to thank you for  
hanging onto this stuff for us.

Fat Tony hands Bart the box. Bart looks at it briefly, but doesn't open it.

BART

Thanks... uh... (TRYING TO FIGURE OUT  
HOW TO SAY IT) Say, are you guys  
crooks?

FAT TONY

\*

Bart, um... is it wrong to steal a  
loaf of bread to feed your starving  
family?

BART

No.

FAT TONY

Suppose you got a large starving  
family. Is it wrong to steal a  
truckload of bread to feed them?

BART

(SHAKES HEAD) Uh-uh.

FAT TONY

And what if your family don't like  
bread, they like cigarettes?

BART

\*

I guess that's okay.

FAT TONY

Now, what if instead of giving them  
away, you sold them at a price that  
was practically giving them away.  
Would that be a crime, Bart?

BART

Hell no!

FAT TONY

Enjoy your gift.

Bart opens the box and pulls out a very gangster-like  
sharkskin suit.

BART

(HUSHED) Supoib.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING**

Bart comes home from work wearing his new gangster suit. He  
fastidiously picks a microscopic bit of lint off it as he  
strolls into the kitchen **SINGING** "Witchcraft" softly to  
himself.

BART

\*

(SINGING) Those fingers through my  
hair / That sly come hither stare /  
That strips my conscience bare / It's  
witchcraft - (TO MARGE) Gimme three  
fingers of milk, ma.

Marge looks at him strangely.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

Homer is in bed. Marge enters in her nightgown.

MARGE

I know it's good for a boy to have a  
part time job, but I'm not sure about  
the people Bart's working for. Lisa  
thinks they're criminals.

HOMER

A job's a job. I mean, take me. If  
my plant pollutes the water and  
poisons the town, by your logic that  
would make me a criminal.

Marge goes to the window.

MARGE

\*

Well, Bart's been acting very  
strangely. And that pizza delivery  
truck has been parked across the  
street for two weeks.

She points to a truck that says, "Pizza Delivery Truck" on  
the side. It has a radar dish, periscope and an antenna on  
top of it.

MARGE (CONT'D)

How long does it take to deliver a  
pizza?

CUT TO:

INT. "PIZZA DELIVERY TRUCK" - CONTINUOUS

Two FBI AGENTS are listening to Marge and Homer over  
headphones.

FBI AGENT #1

Looks like our cover's blown.

FBI AGENT #2

Let's roll.

SFX: TIRES SQUEAL

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A startled Marge watches as the truck ZOOMS off.

HOMER

See? It was all your imagination.

MARGE

Homer, I want you to go down to that  
club and talk to them. Just see what  
kind of people they are. Please,  
Homie?

HOMER

Oh, all right.

Homer falls asleep, **SNORING**. Marge **MURMURS** and looks out  
the window again. A new FBI truck labeled "Flowers By  
Irene" **SCREECHES** to a halt in the same spot. The "F" "B"  
and "I" initial letters are big and obvious.

**INT. CLUB - THAT NIGHT**

Bart is watching as the gangsters play cards with Homer. Homer has a huge stack of chips in front of him. He looks around the table happily.

HOMER

\*

Hee hee, hee-hee-hee! Read 'em and  
weep boys, another pair of sixes.

Homer throws them on the table.

**ANGLE BEHIND GANGSTERS**

We see they all have hands full of aces.

FAT TONY

Beats me.

JOEY

I was bluffin'.

LEGS

You win again, Homer.

HOMER

Heh, heh.

Homer gleefully rakes in the poker chips.

FAT TONY

\*

I am thrilled you've decided to let  
your boy continue to work here.

HOMER

\*

You know if you need a hat check  
girl, I've got a daughter.

FAT TONY

Homer, you're a hellava father.

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - PLAYGROUND**

Bart, in his gangster suit, is supervising Lewis, Milhouse and Richard, who are doing a painting of Skinner on the wall.

BART

More "stink lines" boys.

Suddenly Skinner strides up.

SKINNER

What's this? What are you boys  
doing?

The kids cower behind Bart. Bart **YAWNS**, reaches into his pocket, pulls out a five dollar bill and stuffs it in Skinner's pocket.

BART

\*

You didn't see nothin'. Now beat it.

**INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - BART'S CLASSROOM**

Bart is writing "I Will Not Bribe Principal Skinner" on the blackboard as Skinner watches.

**INT. CLUB - LATER THAT EVENING**

A number of UNFAMILIAR, CRUEL-LOOKING FACES are in the club along with the regulars. They are seated at a conference table. SLOW PAN across the faces. One guy is dully flicking a lighter on and off. One guy is rapidly sticking a knife between each of his fingers into the table. Another guy is playing jacks. We hear a clock **TICKING**. Fat Tony looks at his watch nervously.

RIVAL GANG LEADER

So, Fat Tony. You invite me and my  
associates to your club with the  
promise of the finest manhattans in  
all of Springfield. Now you say your  
bartender isn't here?



FAT TONY

I don't know what happened. He's never late. Louie! Make up some manhattans.

LOUIE

\*

But I only know how to make Hot Toddies, boss.

FAT TONY

Now!

Louie quickly mixes a manhattan and gives it to Fat Tony who gives it to the gang leader. He drinks it and **SMACKS** his lips thoughtfully.

RIVAL GANG LEADER

What have I done to deserve this flat, flavorless manhattan?

Fat Tony's gang watches in horror as the Rival Gang Leader gives Fat Tony the kiss of death.

RIVAL GANG LEADER (CONT'D)

Come on, boys.

They exit.

FAT TONY

The kiss of death. That's all I need!

Bart comes in the door and **SLAMS** it. He stalks to the bar and angrily starts to put on his apron.

BART

(MUTTERING ANGRILY) Lousy Skinner.

Fat Tony walks up to the bar.

FAT TONY

(DANGEROUSLY) You are late for work.

BART

(ANGRILY) Of course I'm late for work. How can I be on time when Principal Skinner keeps me after school?

Fat Tony's aspect changes.

FAT TONY

This guy Skinner causing you trouble?

BART

(BITTER) He sure is, Patrone.

FAT TONY

Hm... perhaps we should go to meet and greet this individual. Come on, boys.

Fat Tony walks over to Legs, Louie and Joey and **WHISPERS** to them. They nod, check to make sure their guns are loaded and exit. Bart does not see this. Bart pours himself a shot of milk, drinks it in one **GULP** and **SLAMS** the shot glass on the bar.

**INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE - LATER**

Skinner is working at his desk. His **SECRETARY** pokes her head in the door.

**SECRETARY**

Some large men to see you, sir.

**SKINNER**

\*

I don't have an appointment with any large men --

The three gangsters push pass the secretary and enter.

FAT TONY

You Skinner?

SKINNER

\*

(BRISTLING) I'm PRINCIPAL Skinner,  
yes. And how, may I ask, did you get  
past the hall monitors?

All of the gangsters converge on him menacingly.

**INT. ELEMENTARY - BART'S CLASSROOM - THE NEXT MORNING.**

The KIDS are morosely doing math problems at their desks.  
Bart is drawing Principal Skinner hanging from a noose with  
knives stuck in him. His eyes are "X'd". Suddenly Mrs.  
Krabappel rushes in.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Children, I don't know how to break  
this to you, but Principal Skinner  
is... (BREAKING DOWN) ... MISSING!

The kids **CHEER**.

**ON BART**

A disquieting thought enters his mind.

BART

Uh-oh.

He quickly starts to erase his drawing.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

CU OF SPINNING NEWSPAPER

It stops. The headline reads "Principal Still Missing"  
"Police Search For Body".

EXT. LAKE SPRINGFIELD

A police boat is dragging Lake Springfield for Skinner's  
body. They pull up a skin diver's body, but it isn't dead  
and is struggling too much so they throw it back.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE, leaning on a shovel, is being  
interviewed by a TV REPORTER.

WILLIE

I thought I found him but it was only  
a cat.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SPRINGFIELD

Police are tacking up posters that show Skinner's smiling  
face and the words "Have You Seen My Body Today?"

INT. POLICE STATION

REPORTERS are asking Wiggum questions.

WIGGUM

\*

People now... Please, please, I can  
assure you we'll be using the most  
advanced, scientific techniques in  
the field of... body finding.

CU - SPINNING NEWSPAPER

It stops. The headline says "Psychic Joins Skinner Hunt"

INT. POLICE STATION

A FEMALE PSYCHIC is running her hands over a picture of  
Skinner.

PSYCHIC

I see wedding bells for Vanna White  
and Teddy Kennedy....

WIGGUM

Please, Princess Opal, if we could  
just stick to Principal Skinner.

PSYCHIC

Chief Wiggum, I am merely a conduit  
for the spirits. (BEAT) Willie Nelson  
will astound his fans by swimming the  
English Channel.

WIGGUM

Really? Willie Nelson?

**INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR**

Groundskeeper Willie is **NAILING** a plaque next to a glass  
encased fire hose. It reads: "Seymour Skinner Memorial  
Firehose".

MRS. KRABAPPEL

He loved fire drills. (SHE SOBS)

WILLIE

\*

(ANGRY) Will ya get a hold of  
yourself, Lass, for the wee bairns!

**EXT. SCHOOLYARD - LATER**

The usual high spirits of the schoolyard are absent. The  
kids are somber and **SPEAK** in **LOW TONES**. However, Lewis is  
laying on the ground corpselike, with his head covered with  
leaves so it looks like he's headless.

LEWIS

Hey look at me! I'm Skinner's body!

BART

\*

That is not funny, Lewis.

MILHOUSE

\*

Well, I heard Skinner's buried under  
his parking spot.

RICHARD

I heard he was ground up into  
hamburger and served to us at lunch.

NELSON

I heard Bart had Skinner killed by  
gangsters.

BART

(PROTESTING TOO MUCH) That's not  
true! It's just a rumor! You're  
engaged in speculation. I know the  
law. You can't prove anything.

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT**

Bart is tossing, turning and **GROANING** in his sleep,  
obviously having a nightmare.

**BART'S NIGHTMARE**

Bart is running through a vacant trash-strewn lot. Skinner  
bodies are coming out of the dirt after him.

SKINNER BODY

You killed me Bart.

He runs past a pond. At the bottom of the pond is a Skinner  
body wearing cement overshoes.

SKINNER BODY

(GURGLING) You killed me, Bart!

Bart runs to a shed, opens the door and he's in a meat locker. A Skinner body is hanging from a meat hook.

SKINNER BODY

(TEETH CHATTERING) You k-killed me,

B-Bart!

Bart runs into a huge building and **SLAMS** the door. On the door is a flashing neon sign labeled "DEATHHOUSE".

INT. DEATHHOUSE

Bart is in a grimy cell wearing a headband doing one-arm curls with a weight. REVEREND LOVEJOY opens the cell door and sits down on Bart's bunk.

BART

Reverend Lovejoy! You've... you've  
come to comfort me?

REVEREND LOVEJOY

Yes, Bart. (UNCOMFORTABLE PAUSE) ...

There there... there there...

INT. DEATH CHAMBER

Bart sits down in the electric chair, but the GUARDS see he is too short for the apparatus to be hooked up properly. He gets up and they put two phone books on the seat. Bart sits back down and they hook him up. He squirms. His stomach **GROWLS**.

BART (CONT'D)

Don't I get a last meal?

GUARD

After what you've done?

They finish hooking Bart up. The EXECUTIONER leans towards Bart and lifts his hood revealing that he is Principal Skinner.

SKINNER

Now I'm killing you. Ironical, isn't  
it? (LAUGHS EVILLY)

He pulls the switch.

EXT. PRISON - CONTINUOUS - DAWN

PEOPLE outside the prison are holding signs that read: "Fry  
Bart Fry", and "Let's Have A Bart-B-Que". Homer holds a  
sign that reads: "Kill My Boy". The lights dim momentarily  
in the prison, then come back on. The crowd CHEERS.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Bart wakes up with a SCREAM.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bart races out of the house, putting on his coat as he  
runs.

EXT. LEGITIMATE BUSINESSMAN'S CLUB - A LITTLE LATER

Bart runs up to the door.

INT. LEGITIMATE BUSINESSMAN'S CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Fat Tony and the boys are sitting at a card table, putting  
wads of bills into an electric money counter. Bart opens  
the door and hurriedly crosses to them. Fat Tony looks at  
his watch.

FAT TONY

You're eight hours early for work. I  
like that.

BART

(BLURTING IT OUT) Did you kill my  
principal?

FAT TONY

\*

(THINKING) Uh... Chinese guy with a  
mustache?



BART

(ALMOST SHOUTING) No! My principal!

LEGS

That Skinner guy? Naw, we didn't  
kill him.

Suddenly the door **BURSTS** open and the police rush in, led  
by Police Chief Wiggum. All have their guns drawn.

WIGGUM

Nobody move! You're all under arrest  
for the murder of Seymour Skinner.

FAT TONY

What's a murder?

WIGGUM

Don't play dumb with me. Cuff 'em,  
boys.

The gangsters and Bart are cuffed and led away.

**INT. SPRINGFIELD COUNTY JAIL - CELLBLOCK H**

Bart is in a cell that's fairly similar to the one in his  
dream. His cellmate, a pumped-up SIDESHOW BOB, stares at  
him resentfully. Marge, Homer, a guard, and LIONEL HUTZ  
show up at the cell door.

MARGE

(VERY DISAPPOINTED) Oh, Bart. Why  
couldn't you have gotten a paper  
route like other boys.

HOMER

(GRIMLY) Wait till I get you home,  
boy.

Bart looks at the smiling Hutz.

BART

What's he doing here?

HUTZ

\*

I'm Lionel Hutz, your court-appointed  
attorney and I'll be defending you on  
the charge of -- (READING PAPER)  
Murder one?! Wow, even if I lose  
I'll be famous!

INT. COURTROOM

A courtroom ARTIST is trying to draw Bart. Fat Tony is on  
the stand. Burns' Lawyer, who is now Fat Tony's lawyer, is  
examining him.

FAT TONY

I didn't order this Skinner guy  
killed.

BURNS' LAWYER

But aren't you the head of this gang?

FAT TONY

No, I just stop by the club  
occasionally to read the  
complimentary newspaper.

BURNS' LAWYER

Then who is the Kingpin... the Capo  
de tuti Capi?

FAT TONY

That's the guy.

Fat Tony points to Bart.

BART

Hey!

FAT TONY

Forgive me, Don Bartholomew.

MONTAGE OF GANGSTERS ON THE STAND.

A) LOUIE

LOUIE

We tried to stop the kid, but he  
wouldn't quit. It was like he went  
crazy.

B) LEGS

Legs is on the stand. Next to him is an organizational  
chart of the Mob family. Pictures of each member are on  
different levels.

LEGS (V.O.)

Prostitution, loan sharking, numbers.  
The kid liked to wet his beak in  
everything.

We PAN up the chart as he speaks to reveal a picture of  
Bart at the top.

C) HOMER

HUTZ

(TRYING TO HELP BART) Mr. Simpson,  
you've been the boy's father for ten  
years. Do you really think he could  
be the leader of a murderous criminal  
syndicate?

HOMER

Well, not the leader... I mean...

(CRACKING) Oh, it's true, it's true!

All the pieces fit. (SOBBING)

**CU OF NEWSPAPER**

The huge headline says "Sentencing Today For The Dinky Don". Below is a political cartoon showing an evil Bart head with octopus tentacles strangling Springfield.

**INT. COURTROOM**

Bart is standing before the Judge, wearing heavy manacles.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

\*

In light of the damning testimony  
from your fellow gangsters, your  
father, your teachers and a seemingly  
endless parade of emotionally  
shattered baby-sitters, this court  
has no choice but to...

The door of the courtroom opens with a **BANG**.

SKINNER (V.O.)

Stop!

All heads turn. The courtroom **REACTS**. Skinner, looking disheveled with a week old beard, enters the courtroom.

MARGE

Principal Skinner!

HOMER

(BAFFLED) I thought he was dead.

VOICE FROM BACK (O.S.)

A g-g-g-ghost!

Skinner makes his way to the front of the courtroom, turns and addresses everyone in the room.

SKINNER

\*

I suppose you're all wondering where  
I've been. It all started a week  
ago. I was at my desk, revising and  
updating the school dress codes,  
when...

RIPPLE DISSOLVE  
TO:

**INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE**

We see the scene from the end of Act Two. The gangsters converge on Skinner.

SKINNER (V.O. CONT'D)

I was suddenly confronted by a gang  
of toughs acting on behalf of one  
Bart Simpson. Or so they said.

The gangsters shake Skinner's hand.

LOUIE

We really think there's promise in  
the boy.

SKINNER

(THUNDEROUSLY) Get out!

FAT TONY

\*

Okay, okay, you don't have to yell.

The gangsters give him a hard look, then turn and exit.

**INT. SKINNER'S GARAGE**

We see a huge stack of old newspapers. One headline reads:  
"Dukakis Bandwagon Rolls On". Skinner begins moving some  
off the top to make two stacks.

SKINNER (V.O.)

\*

To get my mind off that ugly  
confrontation I went home and began  
bundling my old newspapers.

(DRAMATICALLY) But suddenly the pile  
fell. I was trapped. Let this be a  
lesson to recycle frequently.

The pile **TOPPLES** over on Skinner, pinning him to the garage  
floor with only his head, chest, and one arm free.

**SAME SCENE - DAYS LATER**

Skinner is mechanically **DRIBBLING** a basketball with his  
free hand. Empty preserve jars are scattered around him.

SKINNER (V.O. CONT'D)

For the next week I stayed alive by  
eating my mother's delicious  
preserves and maintained my sanity by  
dribbling a nearby basketball with my  
one free hand. I made a game of it,  
seeing how many times I could bounce  
the ball in a day, then trying to  
break that record. Occasionally the  
police arrived to search my home.

**INT. SKINNER HOUSE**

We SEE Chief Wiggum, EDDIE and LOU trashing the house along  
with Princess Opal.

WIGGUM

Find anything this time, boys?

LOU

\*

Nah... no sign of him, chief.

WIGGUM

Princess Opal?

PSYCHIC

I see nothing here but I'm afraid  
it's splitsville for Delta Burke and  
Major Dad.

WIGGUM

But they seemed so happy.

SKINNER (V.O.)

I shouted until I was hoarse, but  
they couldn't hear me.

**INT. SKINNER'S GARAGE**

SKINNER (CONT'D)

(SHOUTING) I'M IN HERE!!!

WIGGUM (O.S.)

Well, let's go.

EDDIE (O.S.)

Okay, Chief.

We HEAR the policemen's **FOOTSTEPS** as they walk out of the house and **SLAM** the door. Skinner slumps dejectedly, then resumes **DRIBBLING**.

**SAME SCENE - THE NEXT DAY**

Skinner is **DRIBBLING** the basketball slower. He looks haggard.

SKINNER (V.O.)

Finally I realized if I was ever  
going to get out of there, I would  
have to do it myself.

We SEE Skinner tip over a garbage can. He picks out a cigar tube, baking soda and some old lemon wedges.

SKINNER (V.O. CONT'D)

I formed a crude rocket from a discarded cigar tube. And remembering an experiment from my days as a fourth grade science teacher, I concocted a fuel from baking soda and the juice of discarded lemon wedges.

We SEE Skinner tie the cord from a vacuum cleaner to the rocket.

SKINNER (V.O. CONT'D)

\*

The rocket took off with a mighty blast of carbon dioxide, dragging behind it the end of a vacuum cleaner cord.

We SEE the rocket **LAUNCH** and orbit a rafter, wrapping the vacuum cleaner cord around it.

SKINNER (V.O. CONT'D)

I grabbed on to the vacuum cleaner, pushed the cord retractor button and was on my way to freedom.

Skinner clutches the vacuum cleaner to his chest and pushes the retractor button. The cord retracts pulling him (and the vacuum) free of the newspapers and up to the rafters.

**INT. COURTROOM**

SKINNER (CONT'D)

And that's my courageous story.

The crowd **MURMURS** in awe.



PROSECUTING ATTORNEY

Your Honor, the prosecution moves  
that Principal Skinner's testimony be  
stricken from the record.

JUDGE

Denied. Case dismissed.

HUTZ

Your Honor, do I still get paid?

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS

Everyone is streaming out of the courtroom, including the  
gangsters. Police Chief Wiggum looks embarrassed.

FAT TONY

Hey Bart! I hope there are no hard  
feelings.

BART

Get bent.

FAT TONY

(HANGING HIS HEAD) I deserved that.  
Look, I know we let you down, but me  
and the boys, we still think you've  
got a big future in racketeering,  
extortion and pornography.

BART

Sorry Fat Tony. I used to think your  
gang was cool, but now I learned that  
crime doesn't pay.

FAT TONY

(SHRUGS) Yeah, you're right.

Fat Tony turns and gets into a huge limo next to a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN in a flashy dress drinking champagne. We SEE the other gangsters in the b.g. with huge limos and BEAUTIFUL WOMEN of their own. On the back of one of the limos is a bumper sticker that reads: "MAFIA STAFF CAR: KEEPA U HANDS OFF!"

**INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

As the family watches TV, we SEE a promo for a mini-series on TV.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Blood on the Blackboard: The Bart Simpson Story. Starring Richard Chamberlain as Principal Skinner, Joe Mantegna as Fat Tony, Jane Seymour as the woman he loved, and TV's Doogie Howser, Neil Patrick Harris as Bart Simpson.

Neil Patrick Harris as Bart, is pointing a huge gun in Skinner's face.

JOE (AS TONY) (V.O.)

Bart, I'm scared. Let's get outta here.

NEIL (AS BART) (V.O.)

Shaddup!

"Bart" **SLAPS** him across the face.

NEIL (AS BART) (V.O. CONT'D)

Where do you want it, Skinner?

A huge glob of spit lands on "Bart's" face.

NEIL (AS BART) (V.O. CONT'D)

Not smart.

Neil **FIRES** the gun repeatedly.

BART

Cool!

HOMER

(TO MARGE) When do we get the check  
for this?

MARGE

Well, they said they changed it just  
enough so they don't have to pay us.

HOMER

(MOANS) You know who the real crooks  
are? Those sleazy Hollywood  
Producers.

**SUPER:**

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS:

James L. Brooks

Matt Groening

Sam Simon

FADE OUT.

END OF STORY